*Duke.* No Epilogue, I pray you. For your Play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe: For when the Players are all deade, there neede none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it, had played *Pyramus*, and hangd himſelfe in *Thiſbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come your Burgomaske: let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Louers to bed, tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall outſleepe the comming morne,
As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.
This palpable groſſe Play hath well beguil'd
The heauie gate of night. Sweete friends, to bed.
A fortnight holde we this ſolemnitie,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollity. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Pucke.

*Puck.* Now the hungry Lyons roares.
And the wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilſt the heauie ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske foredoone.
Now the waſted brands doe glowe,
Whilſt the ſcriech-owle, ſcrieching lowd,
Puts the wretch, that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowde.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And wee Fairies, that doe runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollick: not a mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent, with broome, before,





To ſweepe the duſt, behinde the dore.

*Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.*

*Ob.* Through the houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euery Elfe and Fairy ſpright,
Hop as light as birde from brier,
And this dittie after mee, Sing, and daunce it trippingly.

*Tita.* First rehearſe your ſong by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.

*Ob.* Now, vntill the breake of day,
Through this houſe, each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride bed will wee:
Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue, there create,
Euer ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of natures hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand.
Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor ſcarre,
Nor marke prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field deaw conſecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,
Through this palace, with ſweete peace,
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trippe away: make no ſtay:
Meete me all, by breake of day. *Exeunt.*

*Robin.* If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)